# THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS


## "FESTINA LENTE."

Blessings on thee, little man,
Hasten slowly as you can;
Loiter nimbly on your tramp
With the ten-cent speedy stamp.
Thou art boss—the business man
Postals writes for thee to scan.
And the man who writes "with speed"
Gets it, in his mind, indeed.
Ah, the man who penned the note
Wasted ten cents when he wrote.
And the girl for it will wait
At the window, by the gate,
In the doorway, on the street,
Listening for thy footsteps fleet;
But her cheek will flush and pale
Till it comes by reg'lar mail.
Indorsed in boyish hand so round;
No such number—can't be fou
Oh, if words could but destroy,
Thou would'st perish, postal b

Oh, for boyhood's easy way,
Messenger that sleeps all day,
Or reads, from rise to set of sun,
The *Weekly Terror* on the run.
For your sport the band goes by;
For your perch, the lamp-post high;
For your pleasure, on the street
Dogs are fighting, drums are beat;
For your sake the boyish fray,
Organ-grinder, runaway;
Trucks for your convenience are;
For your ease the bobtail car.
Every place and everywhere
You're not wanted, you are there.
Dawdling, idling, loit'ring scamp!
Seest thou this ten-cent stamp?
Stay thou not for book or toy;
Haste, vamoose, skedaddle, boy!

He flies around the corner for lunch, goes to sleep, wakes up and forgets who gave him the letter, where it was going, what he did with it, and returns to the wrong man to say that he delivered it and that the man said it was "All right."—*R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

## A CUNNING SCHEME.

### But It Didn't Work to the Author's Entire Satisfaction.

His parishioners watched Rev. Mr. Brown with peculiar interest as he left the grave-yard, leading his two little girls by the hand. They wondered, knowing how much she had been to him, how he would endure the terrible blow of his wife's death. His face was like marble as the coffin was lowered into the grave; there was no outward sign of anguish, but no one doubted for a moment that he suffered keenly. He had been rather a mystery to his congregation always; but they knew him to be capable of deep feeling, in spite of his cold, impassive manner. A noisy, demonstrative show of grief would have been impossible to him. He was a man of great tranquility of mind, and with little energy of disposition. He took all that Providence sent him very dutifully, without any effort to change or amend it, no matter how objectionable it might be, and he possessed in perfection the art of "putting up with" whatsoever befell him. He was not a favorite with his flock, but he was by no means unpopular. The poor loved him, for his hand was always ready to go to his pocket at a tale of distress, limited as were his means, and his reproofs were always of the mildest sort. The rich, though they had little to say for him, had nothing to say against him. They invited him frequently to their houses, entertained him handsomely, and bore very complacently with his habit of falling into a brown study at the dinner-table. As for the younger portion of his flock, his good looks, his rich chestnut hair and dreamy dark eyes had early impressed them profoundly, and they sang his praises without stint.

It was a source of regret to many of the young ladies—and a few of the older ones—that Mr. Brown was a married man. Many years before he had come to the church at Barstow he had wedded a gentle, sweet-tempered girl, who fairly worshiped him, and had proved herself a good wife and a devoted mother. Their wedded life had flowed on as calmly as a meadow brook, undisturbed by any petty domestic jars or troubles. It had never occurred to Mr. Brown that it might not go on so forever. He did not notice his wife's failing health, and as she was one of the kind who never complain, he was utterly unprepared for her death. It stupefied him; he could not understand it. It seemed to him incredible, impossible, and he felt bewildered and half-puzzled even when he heard the sods falling on the coffin.

He went back to his lonely home with his two little girls, and shut himself up in his study, where he lay down on the well-worn lounge, a dull pain in his head. It seemed to him that his lost Laura must know how much he needed her. He could not realize that she was gone. He lay there, half-expecting to see her enter and to feel her tender touch on his brow, soothing away the pain as she had often done when he was brain weary. But hour after hour went by, and no one came near him, and he heard only the voices of his children as they talked loudly to the cook in the kitchen.

The next day he went out as usual, pursuing his accustomed round of duties as tranquilly and patiently as ever. His parishioners were loud in their expressions of admiration to each other as they saw how well he bore his great sorrow, and they were very kind to him, especially in the matter of advice. His "distressing situation" was the subject of debate in almost every house in Barstow. It was talked over at the meetings of the sewing circle, the reading club and the Indian Relief Association, and it was unanimously agreed that the best thing the poor widower could do was to employ a governess, who could also act as housekeeper and general manager.

But it was not an easy matter to find the right kind of a woman for the place, though there were many applicants for it. It was decided that only a middle-aged, respectable, quiet woman, who would be incapable of scheming to fill the late Mrs. Brown's place, and who would be competent to take charge of the little girls, would do, and such a one was hard to find.

It was Miss Anastasia Bowen who at length found *just* the right person, and as Mr. Brown was willing to do just what Miss Bowen thought best, that lady took the responsibility of installing Miss Susan Piper in the parsonage without further delay.

Miss Piper was neither old nor young, she had no pretensions whatever to good looks, and she was so exceedingly shy that if the minister spoke to her on even the most trivial topic she blushed as red as a peony. But these, said Miss Anastasia, were such trifling drawbacks as almost to be looked upon in the light of advantages, under the circumstances.

Miss Piper was, as Mr. Brown soon saw, a very good woman, exceedingly conscientious and painstaking. She did her best for the two little girls—healthy, happy, pretty little creatures of nine and eleven years—who learned the simple lesson she gave them from pure love for her, not because they feared her displeasure.

Probably there was no lady in Barstow who took a deeper interest in the household affairs of the bereaved widower than Miss Anastasia Bowen. She was, in spite of the fact that youth had long since left her, of a sentimental turn of mind, and the pale, high-bred face and gentle manners of Mr. Brown had inspired her with an intense admiration for him, which, after the death of his wife, ripened into an undisguised attachment which was patent to every one but the object of it. Not a chance did the spinster lose of seeing her idol, and scarcely a day passed that she did not run into the parsonage on one excuse or another.

But the minister, absorbed in his books and the memory of his dead Laura, was utterly and sublimely unconscious of the passion he had inspired. The idea of a second marriage had never entered his mind. He never even asked himself whether he liked Miss Bowen or not, but so constantly did she press her advice respecting every subject upon him that he grew to depend upon her in a great measure, and often consulted her upon different household and church matters, never touching, however, in any manner whatever upon the subject of matrimony.

The fact that she was making no headway in spite of her tireless efforts, in spite of the attentions she lavished upon the two little girls, at last dawned upon Miss Anastasia, and she set herself to work to discover the reason. She came to the conclusion, after a careful review of the ground, that Mr. Brown was too comfortable by far. Miss Piper attended most assiduously to his creature comforts, and the society of his children prevented any feeling of great loneliness.

"He wouldn't hold out a month if he was left utterly alone," meditated the ambitious lady. "If he had no one to see after him or to talk to, he'd be apt to think of me. There's no one else he'd turn to. He's one of the kind to take what comes nearest and is most convenient."

In which last conclusion Miss Anastasia was quite right, as my story will prove.

She decided that no time was to be lost, and that it was best to begin operations at once. So, after carefully mapping out a course of action, she repaired to the parsonage and asked boldly to see Mr. Brown privately.

Miss Piper, meek and humble as usual, exhibited no surprise at the request, but made haste to show the visitor at once into the minister's study, where he sat reading at his desk.

The intention of "having a talk" on some important subject was written plainly on her hard, lean face, and Mr. Brown laid down his book at once and prepared to listen to whatever she had come to say.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, Mr. Brown, began Miss Anastasia, with a little nervous cough, as she took a seat. She felt quite agitated, and an unwonted color brightened her sallow cheek. Her mission was so important, so much hung upon its success, that it was not strange she was not quite as calm as usual.

"No, oh no," answered Mr. Brown, with a faint sigh, as he glanced at his beloved book. "I am always glad to have you come. I hope there is nothing wrong?" anxiously.

"The truth is, Mr. Brown, I've come to see you about the girls. They are not managed as well as I could wish. Miss Piper is a good woman, but she can't have the authority a—a—mother would have, you know, and she lets them do about as they please, and they are growing up rude and wild."

Mr. Brown looked startled. It did not occur to him to question Miss Anastasia's statements. He took them in good faith always, being simple enough to believe her to have his interests at heart.

"Why, you were the one who recommended Miss Piper to me," he said at length, "and I have been well satisfied with her."

"She does the best she knows how," said Miss Anastasia, "but she hasn't sufficient authority to govern them properly. Ah, poor little creatures, they need the care of a mother."

This was a bold stroke. A flush rose to the minister's high, pale brow, but he gave no other sign of emotion. Any reference to his dead wife pained him, even now that she had lain in her grave two years, but of course he did not say so.

"You are very kind to take such an interest," he murmured, a little indistinctly. "What would you advise?"

"I would advise their being sent to a boarding-school, Mr. Brown. I have a friend who keeps a very select seminary at Woodstock. She would be delighted to take charge of Flora and Annie, I am sure."

"I should not like to part with them," said Mr. Brown meditatively. "And—and—what would become of Miss Piper? I wouldn't like to hurt her feelings, and she loves the girls dearly."

"There'd be no cause for her to feel hurt. Tell her simply that force of circumstances compels you to dismiss her. A month's notice will be sufficient."

"It will be very unpleasant," said the minister in trepidation. "And where will she go? She has no home but this, and not a relative in the world."

"She must find another situation," said Miss Anastasia. "She can begin at once to look for one. You can tell her of the contemplated change this evening," and, after promising to write at once to the principal of the seminary at Woodstock, Miss Anastasia left, walking home in a state of bliss bordering on ecstacy. She felt sure that she had put in the first wedge that would lift her toward a home in the parsonage, and already began to plan the changes she would make in its arrangement.

But a shadow had been thrown over Mr. Brown's peaceful life. His soul was filled with despair unutterable at the thought of that conversation he must have with Miss Piper. The mere possibility of her shedding tears made a shudder run through his frame. He could not make up his mind to speak to her, and day after day passed, until it lacked only two weeks of the time when the seminary was to open. Then at last he spoke.

He came into the sitting-room, where she sat darning his socks by the light of a student lamp, the girls having gone to bed. She looked up in surprise as he entered, for he seldom left his study until midnight; but not the faintest intuition had she of the blow which was to fall upon her.

"Miss Piper," began the poor man, feeling profoundly wretched, "I—I—have decided to make a change."

"A change!" The sock Miss Piper was darning fell from her hand. She began to tremble, and her face turned deadly pale.

"Yes. Miss Anastasia thinks—and of course—I—it is all for the best you know—Flora and Annie ought to go to school," faltered the minister.

"And you wish to give me notice, I suppose, sir," said the little governess, in a tremulous, aggrieved tone, that stabbed Mr. Brown to the heart. "When do you wish me to leave, sir?" looking at him with a quivering smile.

"Oh, any time; suit yourself—your own convenience," stammered Mr. Brown.

"Do you want me to get the girls ready, sir?" she asked, trying to speak cheerfully.

"If you will be so good," he answered. Her quiet resignation made him utterly wretched. He would rather have seen her hysterical or indignant a thousand times over.

"I will see to it, sir."

And he then left the room, feeling like a criminal. But as he reached the study, he happened to think that Flora and Annie were yet to be told of the impending change. He would go back and ask the little governess to tell them for him, for he was sure of open rebellion.

He pushed open the door of the sitting-room again, but started back conscience stricken, for Miss Piper, with her face buried in her arms, was kneeling by the sofa, while a melancholy sound of sobbing and crying, pitiful to hear, filled the room.

"My dear Miss Piper," he said, for lornly, I am so sorry——"

She started up, and tried to wipe away her tears with the sock which she still held.

"Excuse me, sir," she faltered, "I—I couldn't help it. I am so fond of the girls, you know, and I'd begun to feel so much at home here."

Mr. Brown walked up and down the room, with his hands clasped behind him and his head on his breast, for several moments without speaking. The sobs in the poor little woman's voice struck him to the heart. He was turning her out of her only home. And she had done her duty toward the girls, certainly.

"Suppose you stay here, Miss Piper," he said, suddenly. "You can keep house for me, anyhow."

A deep flush dyed the pale face of the little governess.

"Oh no, I couldn't, indeed," she cried, in a horror-stricken tone. "It would be impossible."

"You might—stay as my wife, Miss Piper," cried poor Mr. Brown, desperately.

"Oh, Mr. Brown, you don't mean it! You're just sorry for me, I'm sure," cried Miss Piper, the thought flashing through her mind, however, that perhaps it *was* love, and not pity, after all, and he had only just discovered the state of his heart as he was about to lose her. She had read of such things in novels. Why should it not be so in her case as well?

"I—I—don't know—it is the only way you can stay," stammered Mr. Brown, in a confused manner.

"Well, if you think it best," murmured the blushing little governess. "I'm sure I'll try to make you happy."

"I don't doubt that," said Mr. Brown.

And thus it was that the minister's second marriage came about.

I need hardly say that Miss Anastasia was furious. No words could adequately describe her surprise and chagrin. The very course she had taken with a view to installing herself in the parsonage had installed Miss Piper there. All her plans had come to naught. Her castles in the air had fallen to the ground with a crash. Her visits to the parsonage ceased entirely. She no longer considered it necessary to advise and counsel Mr. Brown.

The minister never found cause to regret his second marriage. The little governess proved a devoted, dutiful wife and a faithful step-mother, and she never dreamed on what a slender thread her happiness had hung, nor could imagine why it was that Miss Anastasia Bowen treated her as a mortal enemy.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

### The Canker Worm.

This destroyer of the foliage of the apple tree appears to be constantly spreading in various portions of the Western States. It has largely extended in some parts of the East, while in others its progress has been promptly checked. It seems remarkable that the owners of farms, who will employ very prompt means to turn marauding cattle out of their wheat and corn fields, will look on and do nothing to rid orchards of this equal destroyer, which may be easily and readily extirpated by spraying early in the season with Paris green. For large orchards, fill with water and with a seven-hundredth of its part of Paris green, or with its equivalent with London purple, one of the wagon tanks used by steam thrashers, and drive through the orchard and shower the trees with a forcing pump. A pound of Paris green will treat an acre: and with these appliances fifteen acres may be gone over in a day. For smaller orchards barrels will do. We have known whole neighborhoods thoroughly cleared of the canker worm in this way, where it had before infested thousands of trees. This remedy seems to require many repetitions before all owners are willing to apply it.—*Country Gentleman.*

## EMPRESS CHARLOTTE.

### The Daily Life of Maximilian's Unfortunate Widow.

A few miles from Lacken, the favorite residence of the King of the Belgians, stands the old Gothic castle of Bouchout, at present the residence of the widow of the Emperor Maximilian. Not long ago rumors were current that the Empress of Mexico had regained her reason, which she lost at the death of the unfortunate Emperor. These reports were untrue.

More than eighteen years ago, when the Empress had first lost her reason, a semblance of court life was carefully kept up around her. Receptions were regularly held, such as in former days brightened life at the old palace of Iturbide, in Mexico, and the respectful homage which was accorded to the poor Empress was perhaps more genuine than in her days of greatest splendor. The Empress herself went through the ceremonies with the same grace as of old, and after a certain number of people had gathered around her she would thank them for coming to see the great Empress of Mexico, and then, rising from her stimulated throne, move toward the adjoining rooms, saying: "You wish, no doubt, to lay your tribute at the feet of his Majesty the Emperor; I will go and find him."

Returning after a few minutes, she would say: "I can not find the Emperor, but he will see you as soon as he returns." With this she recommenced an animated conversation on the present situation and the brilliant future prospects of the Emperor, and, taking up his portrait, she exhorted him to rise higher and higher still, and not to strive for one, but for ten, twenty, nay, for all the crowns of the world. The courtiers, moved to tears by the pathetic scene, would bow low and take their departure, unperceived by the excited Empress, who, after a while, would majestically sweep through the rooms, haughtily commanding imaginary pages to carry her trail. But the proud, hard look melted into sweetness and tenderness when on her daily walk through the grounds at Tervueren, where Empress Charlotte was then residing, her eyes followed the flight of birds or clouds.

After the conflagration of Tervueren the little court moved to Bouchout, and the Empress has in the course of time become less excited. Some years ago it was one of her fancies to order a large number of elegant costumes, each of which required some thirty yards of material, having to be made Mexico fashion, with innumerable plaits. But when the sumptuous costumes were spread out before her, she turned her back disdainfully on the dressmaker, murmuring: "I will not have them: they are not good enough for the great Empress of Mexico." Fortunately, the rejected costumes were bought up by the ladies of Brussels, often as a precious souvenir of the unhappy sovereign. Now all violence has ceased; receptions are no longer held, and the court circle consists only of the ladies of honor, belonging to the Belgian aristocracy, eight of whom in turn reside for a week at Bouchout.

Several hours are spent every day at the piano, and as Empress Charlotte is herself a distinguished artiste, these musical entertainments are highly appreciated by all. Fancy work is also one of the favorite occupations of the Empress, and her embroideries are said to equal those of the best Paris workers. While listening to the music, or busy with her needle, the Empress never utters a single word, but seems lost in thought, and it is very rarely that during her daily walks she breaks the silence. Sad and sorrowful, the once ambitious Empress of Mexico spends her monotonous days in the quiet castle, and the veil appears to be lifted only when on Sundays, during divine service, which she regularly attends, the voice of the organ is heard through the chapel. Then her soul seems transfigured, and a strange smile lights up the features of one of the most unfortunate women of our century.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## SUICIDE BY ANIMALS.

### Some Well-Authenticated Instances Recorded by Scientists.

In "Benderloch; or, Notes from the West Highlands," by W. Anderson Smith, it is recorded that "a horse in this neighborhood (Benderloch) is popularly declared to have committed suicide when sufferiag from a painful disorder. It went down to the seashore and determinedly held its head under water as the only protest it could enter against the cruelty of circumstances and the hopelessness of existence. This is by no means an isolated instance of suicide by animals." *Knowledge* copies the following paragraph, headed "Suicide in Nature," from the *Sea:* "Early in December, 1879, an apparent epidemic of suicide attacked the herrings and sprats in Deal Roads, and they rushed ashore in such myriads at Walmer that the fishermen got tired carting them off, and they were left on the beach for all who cared to help themselves. Such wholesale suicides occur among other forms of animal life. In Africa regiments of ants have been seen deliberately marching into streams, where they were immediately devoured by fish. Rats have migrated, stopping nowhere, neither day nor night, and have been preyed upon both by large birds and beasts of prey. In the Seychelles, some years ago, several hundred turtles conspired to die together on the island in front of the harbor, and carried out their decision. Were they the victims of hydrophobia, delirium tremens, or some other disease? Even the gay and sprightly butterfly has been known to migrate in immense clouds from the land straight out to sea, without the remotest chance of ever reaching another shore. What could be the reason for such a suicidal act?"—*Cor. Notes and Queries.*

—It now turns out that the flute was invented by the Lydians about 1200 B C. This is too long to hold resentment, and we shall accordingly draw the slugs from our horse-pistol.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—Scarlet stationery has been introduced, but will not be popular. Who wants a letter red before it is written?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

## "NO TIME."

### A Miserable Plea Given as an Excuse for Dereliction of Duty.

Many devices have been put forth to economize time, to ward off old age and to avert an early death. There is a peculiar contradiction involved in the conduct of certain persons who complain of the brevity of life; who excuse their sins of omission by the transparent plea that they have "no time," and yet who are continually devising means "to kill time," and bridge the hours that intervene between their business engagements. Red Jacket, a poor Indian chief, "made a wiser reply than any philosopher," says Emerson, when, in reproving some one who complained that he had not time enough, he said: "Well, I suppose you have all there is." It is with time as it is with wealth. Men of means, who buy gold plate, costly equipages, contribute to campaign funds, pay their club dues and give fetes and banquets, have certainly no money for furthering any active philanthropic work. So the indolent person, as well as the hard-working, industrious laborer, appropriates his time to certain ends which yield him more or less profit as he values the uses of time and the rewards which are contingent upon his labors, before he has fairly considered the value of time and its utility.

Men speak of time as if it were an article of little value, save as a means of prolonging life and enabling them to buy and sell at a profit. When the shop-keeper counts his cash, puts up the shutters, blows out the lights and turns the key in his shop door, does he open the door of his *thinking-shop* and retire his mind from his business, or does he foot up imaginary columns of figures, and wait on spectral customers, with a few snatches of sleep at intervals, until he opens his day-books in the morning? What a weary routine, where there are no books nor companionship, no music, pictures, nor innocent diversion, no rest for the mind, no serious thought, no desire to know the real meaning of life, because one has no time! In the impatient desire to get rich men are cheated by time out of their just reckonings. They waste so much time in amassing wealth that they have no time left for enjoying it. Their early habits teach them false systems of computing time, and in after years they gaze in blind and stupid amazement at their calendars. Old age comes before they have suffered any loss of vitality in their dull, calculating brain, and yelds them no resources for enjoying their latter days. They lack the ingenuity to kill time. Having neglected, when the mind was young, to improve the spare hours, and having made even these an excuse for money-getting, they can not draw as it were on early deposits, so die like Midas in the midst of their wealth.

Thackeray, while in this country, remarked one evening to a friend of the writer that he had met a great many men and women in the United States, but no children. Incredible as it may seem, this terrible evil of money-getting takes possession of the minds of the young before they know anything of the value of time or of money. They mature in the ways of the world and catch the feverish spirit of the times before they have attained their stature. The great lesson of life, as exemplified on every hand, is money-making. They are bidden to emulate the men who have risen from obscurity to be merchant princes and money kings. Boys are sent to preparatory schools with this sole end in view; they obtain sham fits, are rushed through college, are drawn or driven into business, and thence follow in the footsteps of their fathers, all of whom are practical men, and wish their sons to be practical men after them. In the hurry and worry of business and professional life they seldom learn the uses of time and its value. "How little leisure can I content myself with?" is asked self-interrogatively. What real, practical interest have I in affairs that do not pertain directly or indirectly to my business?" "What are you reading nowadays?" we will ask a business man. "Reading! Bless you, I never get time for reading. Haven't read a book in years. No leisure in the daytime; when night comes on am tired and sleepy. It's all I can do to skim the newspapers. Life is too short to devote much time to books."

"No time!"—a shameful and a sorrowful excuse for men who have time for making money. Bunyan was a poor traveling tinker; what time had he for reading? What time had Burritt, the blacksmith? What time had a now venerable editor and successful man of affairs, who, when a boy, did his reading at night by the light of a pine knot while feeding the sap kettle of a sugar manufactory? Ignorance is not the result of no time, but of misspent time. It would be as absurd to say that a laborer has no time for eating his dinner as to claim that a man of whatsoever occupation has no time for reading.

The plea of "no time" is a miserable, shuffling plea when given as an excuse for the dereliction of duty. If we do not take time now it may be too late, for soon time will merge into eternity. It is doubtful, too, whether we lengthen life by living fast, and crowding as many incidents and events into the day as the day will hold; for it is impossible to interfere with the laws of nature and set back her clock, as we regulate the hands of our own timepieces. They live the longest who make the best use of time; and when good deeds are made the links of the chain which constitutes man's tenure or tie to the things of this life, he is happier and more secure than the man of the world, whose life is "a series of broken links," or a rope of sand.—*Christian at Work.*

—Rev. Samuel Jones, of Georgia, is in his thirty-eighth year; and his ministry of twelve years has been confined to Georgia (his native State), Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Tennessee, South Carolina, Kentucky, Missouri and Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, editress of *Good Cheer*, is said to be the first lady who walked from the Crawford House to the summit of Mount Washington over the bridle path, a distance of nine miles. She performed the perilous feat recently.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The Kings of Sweden and Saxony are both poets.

—Speaking of prima donnas, Clara Louise Kellogg says that "the day for large salaries is now a thing of the past, and pay is growing less and less each year."

—Henry M. Stanley, the explorer of the Congo country, says the guiding motto of his life has been: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

—It is asserted that Jay Gould has not tasted whisky for over a quarter of a century. He took a drink once when he was a surveyor, got his figures mixed in consequence, and resolved never to drink whisky again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Wirt Walton, who runs a newspaper at Clay Center, Kan., and leads a brass band as well, owns the fastest team of horses in the State. He calls one Ingalls and the other Plumb, those being the names of the two Kansas United States Senators.

—Julia Smith, the Connecticut woman who got fame by refusing to pay taxes to a Government that would not let her vote, remarks to those who predicted unhappiness from her marriage five years ago, aged eighty-five, that she is extremely happy.—*Hartford Post.*

—Major Dan Simpson, who has drummed for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston for thirty-six years, celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday recently, and Robert C. Winthrop and other distinguished citizens called on him and made him speeches and presents.—*Boston Journal.*

—To the late Mr. Thoms, the famous antiquarian, belongs the credit of having coined the word "folklore." He once gave a friend a photograph of himself, on the back of which he had written:

If you would fain know more,
Of him whose photo here is,
He coined the word "folklore"
And started *Notes and Queries.*

—A literary man, in a recent letter dated Fargo, D. T., says: "I have been writing persistently since I came West last November, and have plied the pen under all conditions and circumstances—sometimes in sitting-rooms, sometimes in hotel offices, sometimes in lumber-yards. I have been reduced to using a sewing-machine as a desk, and at the present moment I am writing on a wash-stand!"

—At a recent fashionable wedding in that most fashionable of London's temples, St. George's Hanover Square—the *American Register* informs us—"the bridegroom's best man was his eldest son by his first and divorced wife, to whom he was married twenty-eight years ago. His daughter was one of the bridesmaids, and among the company at the ceremony his first wife was also present." Neither Chicago or Newport can present a parallel to this remarkable instance of domestic complexity and felicity.

## HUMOROUS.

—The real name of the Russian Nihilist writer, "Stepniak," is Dragamanoff. He would be useful at prize fights.

—An exchange asks: "What is hostile furniture?" Don't know unless it is armed chairs.—*Evansville Argus.*

—Grocer: "Half a pound of tea? Which will you have, black or green?" Servant: "Shure, aythur will do. It's for an ould woman that's nearly bloind."—*Christian Register.*

—"William, how did you and Sam come out in your joint debate last night?" "Oh, all on my side. I got ahead of him." "Did, eh?" "Yes; he put it on me himself."—*Burdette.*

—"Wall, that's a new ide. I never heard o' puttin' spittoons on the side o' the house before," remarked an old countryman, as he walked up to our telephone transmitter and made a bull's-eye the first shot.—*Palmer Journal.*

—She Complied with His Request—

"Pray call me a pretty name," said he,
One night to his darling Carrie,
The girl he had courted so long that she
Thought he never meant to marry.
Up from his bosom she raised her head,
And her cheeks grew red as roses,
"I think I will call you 'man,'" she said,
"For they say that 'man proposes.'"
—*Boston Courier.*

—First walking gentleman—Oh, yes, there has been quite a revival in trade. Second walking gentleman—Ah, well, er—in that case could yer advance me the loan of a nickel? First walking gentleman—While there has been a gratifying improvement, I haven't seen enough yet to justify me in taking risks.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—We never like making trouble at our boarding house about the quality of butter served, but when it is strong enough to lift the bread off the table and climb up on the ceiling with it we have hard work to refrain from telling the mistress that the guileless farmer has imposed upon her innocence.—*Fall River Advance.*

—Our office boy is a genius. The other day we found him practicing at a little target with a revolver. "You musn't do that, Billy," said we. "You will be firing through the partition and killing some of the men on the other side." "No fear of that, sir. I can hit the target every time." "Yes, but you'll be shooting through the target." "Oh, no, sir. I'm all right there. It is a slab of boarding-house steak.—*Exchange.*

—Count d'Estang (in despair)—"Sare, I am ruin. I have been—vat you call—swindle. I loan a compatriot all my money and he give his note. It is no good, and my compatriot he is—vat you call—bogus. Vat shall I do?" Heartless hotel clerk—"I am very, very sorry, Count. There is only one thing for you to do now." "Vat is that? Ah, sare, your kindness is too mooch. Vat do you advise?" "Hire yourself out as a French flat."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Oh, dear!" sighed an old spinster, recently, laying down the paper wearily, "there's that good-looking darling old Emperor of Germany wants all the Carolines annexed to him. Not that I believe in polygamy, but then the dear old gentleman is so lovable and I could have been such a comfort to him. Oh why didn't my dolt of a mother have me christened Caroline, instead of Hannah Sophonisba Crumpton?" And when the hired girl came in with the tea and water cresses and saw her mistress' red eyes, she mentally soliloquized: "What's the matter with Hannah?"—*News Letter.*